

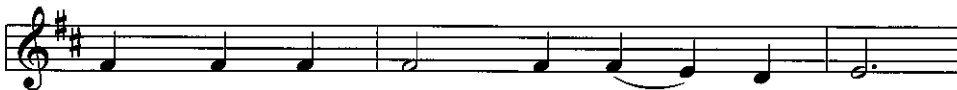
464 The Strife Is O'er, the Battle Done



Al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia!



- 1 The strife is o'er, the bat - tle done;
- 2 The pow'rs of death have done their worst,
- 3 The three sad days have quick - ly sped,
- 4 He broke the age - bound chains of hell;
- 5 Lord, by the stripes which wound - ed Thee,



Now is the vic - tor's tri - umph won;
 But Christ their le - gions hath dis - persed.
 He ris - es glo - rious from the dead.
 The bars from heav'n's high por - tals fell.
 From death's dread sting Thy ser - vants free

The Refrain is repeated after st. 5.



Now be the song of praise be - gun. Al - le - lu - ia!
 Let shouts of ho - ly joy out - burst. Al - le - lu - ia!
 All glo - ry to our ris - en Head! Al - le - lu - ia!
 Let hymns of praise His tri - umph tell. Al - le - lu - ia!
 That we may live and sing to Thee. Al - le - lu - ia!

Text (sts. ref, 1-5) and Music: Public domain

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